

OUR DUMB Animals



"YOU MAY NOW PROCEED, MATER!"

Photo, J. Newman



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At Last!

THE MASSACHUSETTS Humane Slaughter Bill was signed into law by Governor Foster Furcolo on June 2, 1960. The Society takes this occasion to sincerely thank our thousands of members and friends who so vigorously participated in the achievement of this important humane victory.

Our friends in the Massachusetts legislature have requested us to inform our members that they appreciated their letters and telegrams and to express their regrets in not being able to answer each letter.

The slaughterhouses of Massachusetts will have to adopt the new humane killing methods before January 1, 1962, and we only regret that the late Dr. Francis H. Rowley could not have been alive to experience this great reform. No one fought for humane slaughter more vigorously than that great humanitarian.

Today new leaders in the field of livestock conservation and humane slaughter legislation are continuing the campaign for better treatment for all types of livestock and other animals. The most outstanding in this country is undoubtedly Mr. John C. Macfarlane, director of our Society's department of livestock conservation. He serves in many very important posts, internationally and nationally, and much of the credit for the Massachusetts humane slaughter law must inevitably be his. We are proud to have him as a member of our staff.

E. H. H.

(Please turn to page 6 and read Humane Slaughter statement)



Mike eyed sightseers with superb indifference.

Curator Kitty

By Bill Wilson

I SUPPOSE you would have said that Mike was an official cat since he acted as assistant to the keeper of the Main Gate of the British Museum in London. Certainly he became one of Britain's most famous cats and visitors from distant lands often asked to see him.

Born in the spring of 1908 he was deposited by his father—a somewhat notorious character by the name of Black Jack—at the feet of the Keeper of the Egyptian cat mummies who was going down the steps of his official residence. The kitten was taken in and cared for and was finally befriended by the two cats already in the same house.

Once he was able to fend for himself Mike struck up a friendship with the soft hearted keeper of the main gate and used to frequent the tiny lodge where this man lived. Thus he was now in the happy position of having two homes. On Sunday mornings he would play with his new friends and occasionally they would chase after pigeons and between the two cats some of the pigeons, who were unable to take off quick enough, became dazed and fell down. When this would happen each cat would carry the pigeon back to the

house, uninjured. The housekeeper, in return for the birds, would give each cat a slice of meat and a saucer of milk. The startled birds were fed in an adjoining room and released, none the worse for their experience. Neither cat, it seemed, had a fancy for birds, preferring their food prepared by a human.

Eventually Mike took up permanent residence in the gatekeeper's home and a warm shelf was prepared for him to sleep on. From then on he lived a public life. Day and night, summer and winter, for eighteen years he was on duty with the keeper and the policeman at the main gate. His fame spread far and wide. Students with reader's tickets used to wait each morning outside the gate and on the stroke of nine would dash across the courtyard for the honor of being first in the Reading Room. There they would find Mike crouched contentedly, eyeing them with the same superb indifference with which he viewed the later stream of mere sightseers.

In his eighteen years of service Mike must have seen literally millions of people passing in and out of the London Museum and it was said that no scholar ever looked

as wise as he. On hot afternoons when the main gate was closed and keepers crossed to the western entrance for shade, Mike would follow. He was not quite so happy there for the tourists could spot him more easily and would often stop to stroke him. This he loathed. At the usual gate he had a way of avoiding the unwelcome attentions of strangers, for a couple of leaps carried him to the ledge above the door where he could sit without fear of being molested. It is still possible to see where the hard granite of the housekeeper's porch was worn smooth by the contact of his feet and body over the years.

One of the few people Mike really liked was the late Sir E. A. Wallis Budge who was at that time Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the Museum. This famous Egyptologist retired some time before Mike died but once every week he would return with either food or money to restock Mike's larder.

At eighteen Mike's life drew slowly to its close and one morning there was sadness among the museum officials when he passed into the great unknown where, for over two thousand years, his ancestors in the Egyptian galleries had resided.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

"Get rid of those dogs!" How often my husband and I heard this remark after we decided to sell our house and move. . . But we just couldn't part with . . .

The Girls

By Paulie Buck — photos by Dick Buck



Sadie in the Geraniums

WE wondered how we would transport them to California. Could we and the children get into a motel with two dogs? We had visions of one of us sleeping in the car, and trying to keep the girls calm. Sadie, 9 and a mixture of German Shepherd and Chow, is a large, high-strung, nervous animal who barks at the drop of a dog hair. Little Poodie, 12 and a mixture of nobody knows what, can make as much noise and with the two of them we would not be very welcome in a motel. We were determined, however, they'd get to California. In the meantime, we had to convince our folks of this without being disrespectful and rude.

The family's arguments to "get rid" of the girls were sound and logical. Arguments from the head and not the heart, usually are! One day I managed to halt the verbal battle with my father-in-law by not arguing. I agreed one hundred per cent with his reasons for getting rid of them, then added we loved them and I was sorry; but it was out of the question. The battle with my father ceased after I remembered to remind him; he had traveled half-way across the country with the family fox terrier in tow. (There was a difference of course. One fox terrier compared to one large Sadie and one small

Poodie; but the idea was the same.)

We were relieved when our folks finally accepted the fact that Pood and Sade were moving to California. Even if we didn't know how. Then one afternoon, our problem was solved by a five-minute phone conversation. A friend had suggested flying them out; and checking with the air lines, we learned one line would handle them for \$25 a dog. They would leave in the evening and reach us the following morning at 9:00. For \$50 we could get the girls to California with little wear or tear on them or us.

The day we moved we placed Poodie and Sadie in a doggy motel with the understanding that when we were ready for them we would wire. They were to be bathed and brushed and given to a friend who would drive them to the airport.

Things went as planned. We wired on a Tuesday and back came the telegram. "Meet Poodie and Sadie at airport, 9:00, March 12." At 8:00, March 12, we were at the airport! We watched excitedly as the big plane slowly circled the field, landed and taxied up to the gate. The passengers came off first, then the station agent opened the belly and unloaded two big steel cages onto the baggage cart. He rolled it over to us and unlocked the doors. Out popped the big one, she leaped from the cage and fell flat on her face. Sadie was home! Next came Poodie, the dainty one. I gathered her in my arms and she cried and licked at my face. They were in perfect condition—clean and trim as when they had boarded the plane. We gladly paid their fare and unanimously agreed it was the best \$50 we ever spent!



Poodie & Pal

August, 1960

Aux Colombophiles

Courtesy of Constance M. Barton—
translation by Katherine Jackson

FROM this fortress during the battle of Verdun, June 4, 1916 this last Carrier Pigeon—the last one under Raynal—carried the following Message:

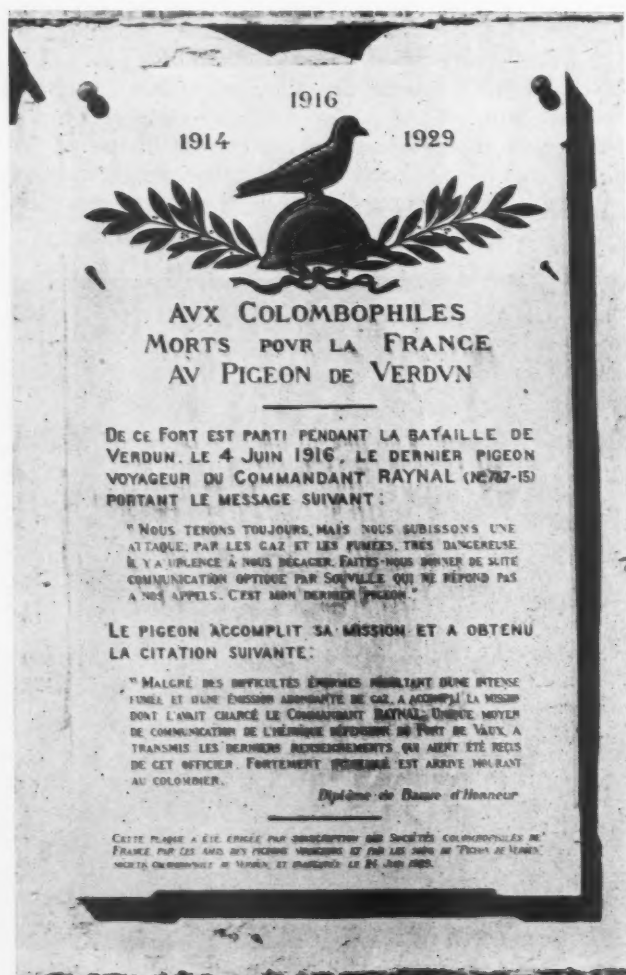
"We are still holding out but are undergoing an attack of gas and smoke. Situation dangerous.—Urgently need help.—Send us a message through Souville, who does not answer our signals. This is my last pigeon." —

The pigeon—having carried out its mission—received the following citation:

"Despite tremendous difficulties of intense smoke and gas, this pigeon carried out the mission given it by Col. Raynal. It was the last and only means of contact at the disposal of the heroic holders of the fortress of Vaux, and carried the last message received from the officer. The pigeon arrived—overcome by fumes—and dying."

Diploma of the Wreath of Honor.

This tablet was erected by voluntary contributions of Friends of the Carrier Pigeons of France, in honor of the Pigeon of Verdun, on June 24, 1929.



True Tails

By John C. Macfarlane

A GENTLEMAN farmer owned a herd of milking cows. He hired a man to take care of them and after six months went by the owner visited his barn. He was quite concerned because his cows were frightened by almost anything that moved and when the morning milking was finished and the cows turned out to pasture, they almost knocked each other down in their great haste to leave the barn.

The owner thinking that his man must have abused the animals for them to be so "spooky", fired his hired hand and hired a young man recommended by a local agricultural school.

In ninety days when the owner came to inspect his animals, he found them quiet and docile and they no longer fought each other to get out of the barn. The young man answered, "When they need correcting, I use that tool hanging on the wall over there." The owner looked and all he saw was a piece of soft felt, 24 inches long, 1½" wide and ¼" thick, and then he said, "That is the tool I use sir."

The moral of this story is: Livestock do not need to be roughly handled in order to make them mind. *Gentle hands and patience* will do a much better job than a loud voice and a club.

A Statement About the Massachusetts Humane Slaughter Law

IN preparing the humane slaughter bill that is now the Law in Massachusetts it was written as follows:

"'Humane Method' a method whereby the animal is rendered insensible to pain by mechanical, electrical, chemical or other means that is rapid and effective, before being shackled, hoisted, thrown, cast or cut.—or a method of slaughtering, including handling and other preparation for slaughtering, required by or used in connection with the ritual of any religious faith, whereby the animal suffers loss of consciousness by anemia of the brain caused by simultaneous and instantaneous severance of the carotid arteries with a sharp instrument."

When the 1958 Federal Humane Slaughter Bill was passed it was written as follows:

"Notwithstanding any other provision of this act, in order to protect freedom of religion, ritual slaughter and the handling or other preparation of livestock for ritual slaughter are exempted from the terms of this act."

While our Society believes that the hoisting of a conscious animal under any pretense is cruel . . . we followed the wording of the Federal Law. To have enacted a law that would have been contrary to the federal act would have caused unnecessary confusion and would have made enforcement of the law very difficult.

When and if a better method of preparing livestock for slaughter is developed and that method is found to be practical, economical, effective and safe, then our Society will make every effort to remove the Ritual Handling Exclusion Clause that the Massachusetts law now contains.

M E E T M R .



P I N N E Y !

By Katherine E. McCorkle

WHEN I answered a 7 a.m. knock on my back door, I didn't know that I was about to become a mother—but I certainly did become one to a 'Possum!

My neighbor's dog killed the mother 'possum and the rest of the little ones, but one survived and my neighbor was seeking a mother cat in hopes it would let the baby 'possum nurse. When I saw the ridiculously three-inch baby, my heart flipped and I decided to try to raise him on a doll bottle.

He seemed to be sneezing every few minutes but as he drank a little warm milk, he stopped sneezing and went to sleep. I realized then, that his sneeze was his way of crying.

He was no trouble except for feeding him every two hours. The first night, he had to be fed through the night, but then he slept on and became a curiosity to me and the children.

His name was Mr. Pinney, after the neighbor who brought him to me. Mr. Pinney slept nearly all the time, awakening only to drink from his bottle. I gave him vitamins and cod liver oil, snatched from my little daughter's bottle and oh!, how he hated it. He turned his head from side to side furiously and sneezed for all he was worth. In a week he was able to eat a little baby cereal mixed with his milk and it was part of his diet even after he was grown for he seemed to prefer it to any other cereal I offered him.

Mr. Pinney never liked the wide open spaces. If we put him on the floor to exercise, he immediately found someone's leg and climbed up to his lap, where he would hide in a fold of clothing and go to sleep. No matter where we held him when we picked him up, he would begin to climb and would usually land in our hair where he was content to snuggle down and sleep. It was quite a chore to extract him

from my daughter's long hair for his little toes were quite adept at clinging to his past mother's fur.

We fixed a box for his home. He spent many, many hours sleeping and when we wanted to feed or exercise him, we would have trouble waking him. Noise didn't waken him so we'd have to shake him and rub his tummy to get him to wake. He slept on his back completely relaxed.

A few times he left the box and we were much dismayed each time to find he had disappeared. A great search would ensue with all the family members berating one another and every time we found him soundly sleeping in a dark corner of the garage, at peace with the world and never dreaming of all the concern we'd felt for our helpless baby. Finally we quit worrying when we found his box open for we knew he had only temporarily "run away" and a thorough search of the dark places always disclosed the culprit.

Lazy Mr. Pinney soon found a way to turn part of his exercise period into more time for sleeping. As soon as we released him in the yard, standing guard nearby ourselves for fear of dogs, he would go into the canna bed and curl up in the cool dirt and resume his nap.

In the spring we had unusually heavy May beetle outbreak and this proved to be a blessing for a possum for we kept him well supplied and he would eat about a dozen at a time with gusto.

We felt that living an entire lifetime cooped up in a box could not be exciting for any creature so when we had had him for seven months we took him deep into a game preserve and released him. He had always searched for and found many bugs to eat during his exercise period so we were sure he would be able to survive.



August, 1960



On The Beam

By Pauline V. McConnell

UP and down Britain's coast lighthouses are to be illuminated. Some have been floodlighted—all for the benefit of the migrating birds. Floodlit lighthouses will mean a safer journey for the birds that travel overseas each Autumn, according to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Harm and Protection to the Birds.

"Ordinary lighthouse lamps confuse them", says a spokesman. "They lose their sense of direction and batter themselves against the light like moths around the flame. Floodlighting, it is hoped, will stop that danger. The birds can stay and rest overnight by the lighthouses on the special perches which are being provided for them.

A great many lighthouses are lit by paraffin and experimenting is being done with a special kind of paraffin floodlight.

Thousands of birds of every species will be saved yearly with this new system in effect."

Rest in Peace

A SINCERE indication of dog-love was uncovered recently in a mystery grave. Police discovered a wooden coffin containing the body of a dog covered with a flannel sheet. The dog was dressed in a woolen shroud. Its head rested on a soft silk cushion. The little grave was lined with green moss. When the church-yard attendants were called, a meeting was held. The minister, a dog owner himself, permitted the dog's reburial.

Parakeet City

By C. Winn Upchurch

AN estimated 2,000 parakeets constitute the population of Parakeet City, an unusual sanctuary started and maintained as a hobby by Anthony Shank, a retired Air Force major.

Major Shank started the sanctuary quite by accident five years ago behind the trailer he and his wife occupy near St. Petersburg, Florida.

The Shanks' parakeet friend Peppy flew out the trailer and was gone for a day and a night. The next day the little bird returned to the couple's trailer and went back into his bird home.

Major Shank said he talked to Peppy in a one-sided conversation which went like this: "So you want your freedom. Then I'll give it to you. I'll build you a home in the back so you can come and go as you please."

He built a spacious enclosure made of screening and cut a big hole which served as the entrance.

Soon after a couple in the trailer park had to give up their seven parakeets because they were moving north. Major Shank placed the seven in the enclosure with Peppy and they stayed around the trailer park, always returning at night for free handouts, and roost in the enclosure.

That was the start of Parakeet City, as Major Shank calls his sanctuary. Stray and lost parakeets began to seek refuge in Shank's trailer area. Babies were added to the growing population and at the end of the first year there were almost 100 parakeets coming and going throughout the day.

It was then that Major Shank built the first of three "parakeet cities", as he calls them, huge 14-foot high enclosures equipped with ladders, swings, dry logs to peck on, and plenty of seed, celery stalks and fresh water.

The major believes that his original birds sought out and returned to Parakeet City lost parakeets from as far as seven miles away. The bird population increas-

ed steadily until today he estimates that the total number of parakeets around his place every day is at least 2,000, possibly more.

To feed this feathered army takes between 40 and 50 pounds of bird seed every day, a food bill that runs very high each year. However, much of this food is paid for by the tourists and visitors who frequent the sanctuary and leave donations in a free will box at the entrance.

Not all the inhabitants of the city are parakeets. At dawn and late afternoon feedings, when hundreds of gayly-colored parakeets crowd on a huge shelf outside the enclosures, will be sprinkled among them quail, sparrows, doves, finches, cardinals, blackbirds and other wild birds.

While the parakeets come and go as they choose, there is one enclosure whose inhabitants are permanent residents of Parakeet city. These are birds with broken legs or paralyzed legs, who cannot fly.

Major Shank nurses these "invalids", as he calls them back to health, and keeps them in a "cottage" which protects the invalids from preying enemies.

Devoting all his time as he does to wild birds, Major Shank is able to study their habits. He says that he has learned to "communicate" with parakeets by means of "mental frequency which all living things possess." He describes this as a sort of 'inner vibration'.

He adds: "Then I get stupid and speak, that breaks the spell. Wild birds don't like words."

Major Shank looked up into the towering punk trees above his trailer. There among the branches were hundreds of parakeets of all colors, chirping merrily while they hopped the branches.

I wish other people in Florida would build sanctuaries. The wild birds are having a tough time as it is with insecticides depleting the bug population. Besides, where else could you hear such beautiful "music?" . . . thus spoke the "custodian of Parakeet City".

Old Country Doctor

By John M. White

THE old country Doctor of fifty years ago had two companions, his horse and his dog. How well I remember our old Doctor in his covered, rubbertired buggy and Rover, his shepherd dog, who went with the Doctor night and day for seventeen years.

The Doctor had a mare called Plumas who was his favorite. I suppose he felt sorry for her. The owners before the Doctor had abused the horse. She repaid the Doctor's kindness in many ways after he owned her.

On good clear nights, in summer or winter, the dog would either run behind the team or ride under the buffalo robe on the cold winter nights. But on dark or stormy nights he would go ahead of the mare on her left or blind side. He never made a mistake and went on the right side. Neither did he do this with any of the other horses owned by the Doctor. So on dark and stormy nights, the horse would follow the dog and keep on the road. How did the dog know the horse was blind on that side?

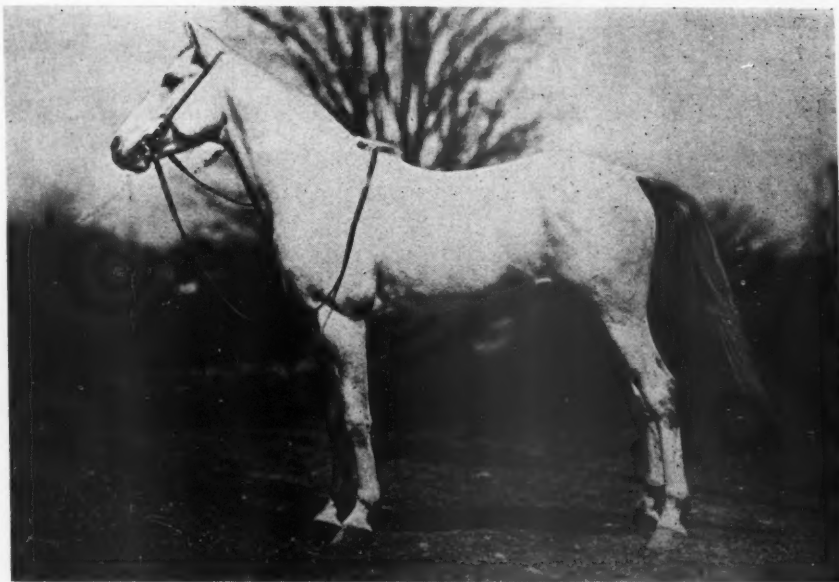
Many times when the Doctor had been without sleep for hours he would wrap the reins around the whip in its socket and go to sleep. The dog and horse would take him home. There were very few bridges across the Penobscot River in those days. Most of the crossing was done by boat or ferry. When the team reached the place to cross, the dog would jump into the wagon and wake the Doctor up.

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August, 1960

Muffled Hooves

By Mary Alice Young



"Why was I cooped up in milady's boudoir?"

AFTER every war, strange stories concerning animals are told. Perhaps one of the most unusual concerns a white horse who was given a berth in a lady's boudoir during the war between the English and the Boers.

An elderly lady lived alone on a farm. She had one horse of which she was particularly fond. When the war broke out, all the horses from miles around were confiscated and given to the soldiers.

The lady knew this, so she put her horse into her bedroom, and tied up his feet in pieces of cloth so that no one should hear any sound of his hoofs on the floor.

Then she drew down the blinds, and just as her preparations were complete the Boer soldiers came along.

The first thing they did was to search the stable, but no trace of the horse could be found. Then, under the impression that the horse had already been commandeered, they left the farm. They never guessed that in the lady's boudoir, beyond the room in which the mistress was setting the dinner table, a beautiful white horse was trotting about without making a bit of noise. He must have wondered in his horsey way why he was in such a queer stable!



"Is it anyone you know?"

ANIMALS IN



Photo by Ed Schultz

ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Mrs. Olwyn O'Connor, Schenectady, N. Y., owns more than 200 cats, most of them of the ceramic variety. Only one, "Dopey," is a live feline, and he has earned dubious fame as a tippler. Dopey, 18 years old, is a large-sized alley cat, with 11 years experience in a unique method of quenching his thirst. He drinks (but only water) from a flower watering can, as the picture shows. It all started one day when Mrs. O'Connor was watering the house plants and greedy Dopey coaxed for a drink. She offered him a short snort from the watering can and he has imbibed regularly from it ever since.

NEIGH! NEIGH!

This is "Sky", a five-year-old owned by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spring, of Chepachet, R. I. While the house was being painted and the window screens removed, "Sky" took advantage of the situation and helped himself to the lunch that his mistress had set out on the table. Luckily, Mrs. Spring's camera was within easy reach when she came in and surprised the guilty party.



normally don't have their way home. They don't have size landmarks on their way to the Massachusetts... rescue and... 1087 local... from other... the license tag," said J. ne, public relations director. n the city in...

sponsored by The American humane Education Society, is now in full swing. We anticipate an increase in the over five thousand entries in the School children... a prize-winning... B.A.M... subscrip... attract...

people may have and will include President Eric H. Hansen, Vice-President William A. Swallow, Schnel... of the... Robert Smith, Executive Assistant, J. Robert McLane, Director of Public Relations and Miss Gerald McGee, of the same...

question will be on the farm. Mr. John C. Macfarlane, Director of the Livestock Conservation Department, the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., states that... beyond doubt the... of auto... protection. He fur... not be installed, farmers obeying a common sense rules, could... barn and stable...

DOG'S BEST FRIEND

Sure, a dog's best friend is his thoughtful owner who not only knows how to apply aid, but always has his first aid kit handy for cut feet, stone bruises and any number of minor accidents that do not require the expert attention of a veterinarian. Little sister is avidly interested as her brother extracts a thorn and dabs on some antiseptic.

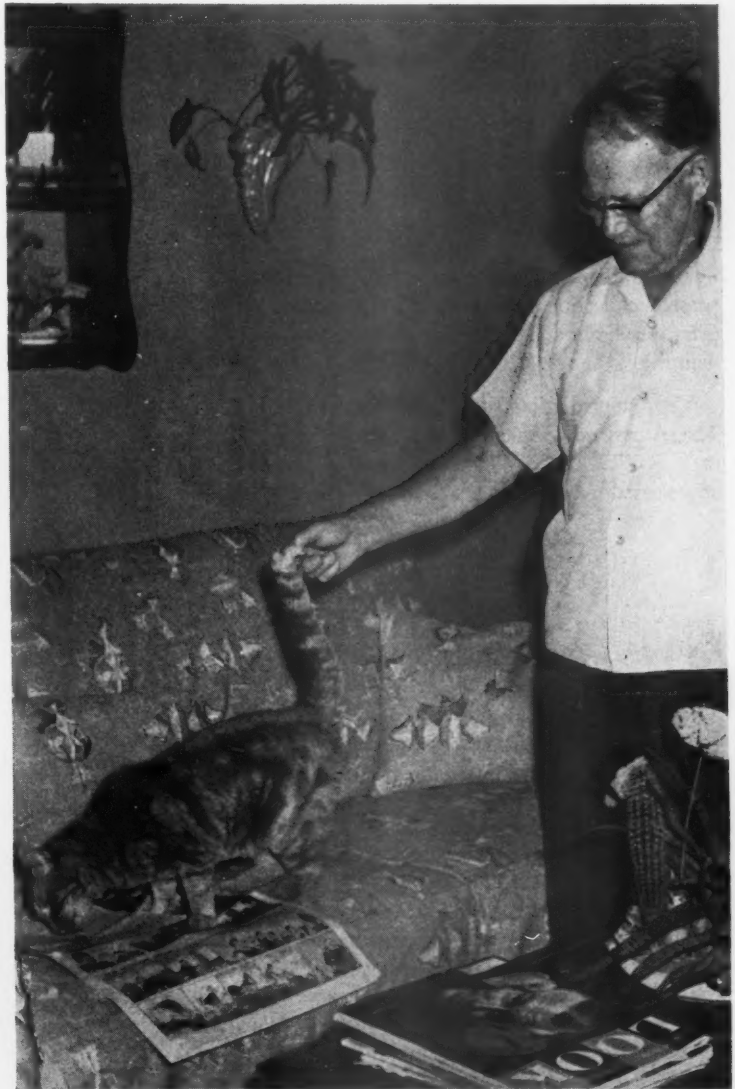


Photo by Eleanor A. Schawder

YELLOW BOY

Don't call the S. P. C. A.! Mr. Fred Minner, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, is not tormenting the family pet. At the ripe old age of 18 years, Yellow Boy does not have a very good appetite and quite frequently this is the only way he will eat his meals. Mrs. Minner has tried all sorts of grips and holds to no avail — only Mr. Minner's magic touch encourages Yellow Boy to eat his raw hamburger (fresh from a country butcher, of course). A vitamin pill several times a week and cooked liver, ground on a cabbage cutter also help keep the old timer in good health.

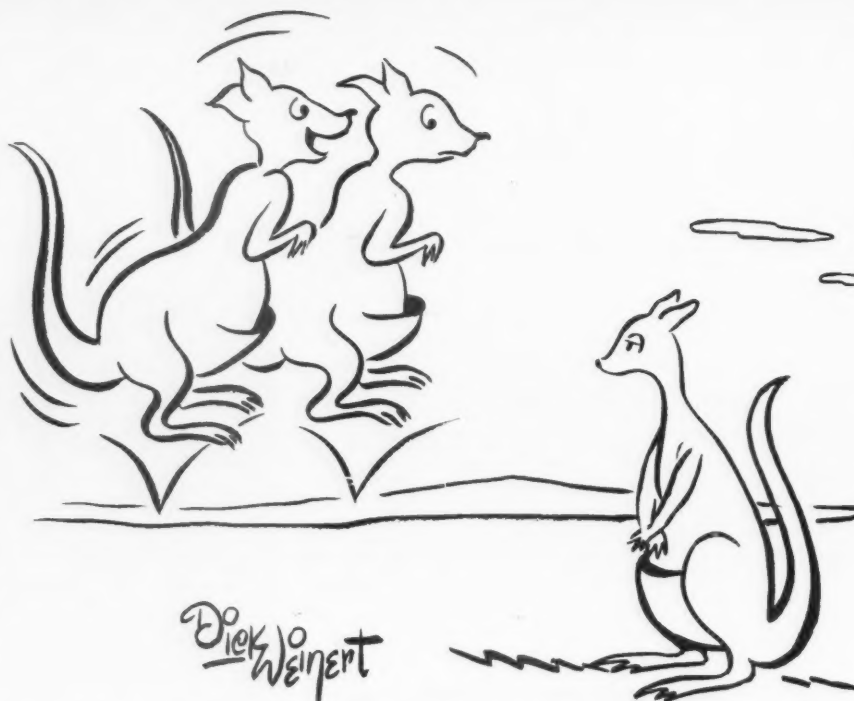
Reference Fund

THE American Humane Education Society serves its members and friends in myriad ways. Some of those activities have been mentioned from time to time in the pages of our magazines.

One daily service is responding to written and telephone requests from people urgently seeking information and help regarding animals of all kinds. We try to provide the best answers possible and render as much assistance as we can.

New and excellent materials are constantly being published. More valuable information is being made available. That we may serve those who request our services we need to acquire more of these newly available reference materials. Our present collection is becoming worn out; even our literature on pets needs supplementing.

Your contribution should be made to The American Humane Education Society's REFERENCE FUND—it will be appreciated over and over again.



"She's under doctor's care since she lost that jumpy feeling!"

"They Call It 'Anting'"

By Pauline V. McConnell

WHEN a child comes to you with a story of some kind, hear him out. If, for some reason, the story sounds far-fetched, don't be too hasty in arriving at that conclusion. That is what happened to a young boy in the 18th century who saw something quite unusual one morning as he stopped to study a group of birds in a field. The boy, a student of nature and more observant than most children of his age, went home, wrote a detailed composition of his observations and sent it to the town paper.

That letter started an international incident when he reported seeing birds pick up ants in their beaks and rub them over the undersides of the wings and of the tail feathers. When they did so they adopted a particular attitude. The wings were arched with the tips brought for-

ward and to one side underneath the body.

There were few readers who believed this tale. "The product of a small boy's imagination" . . . they agreed. And then the boy wrote a letter of challenge to the Editor and the readers. "If anyone wants to see what I have seen, they can. All I ask them to do is to come with me. I won't have people believe I tell lies".

The readers were moved by the boy's obvious honesty and challenge. Hundreds of bird lovers and naturalists visited the field, following the boy, in very much the same manner in which the rats followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin. They saw the birds "ant" . . . (as it is now called). They believed what they saw. Soon, one of the most famous of Naturalists of his time wrote a paper on "anting" for one of the scientific journals. The following

year, ornithologists from five continents were flocking to Australia to view the unorthodox carrying on of the jays, rooks crows and jackdaws. Today, there are close to 60 species of birds who indulge "anting".

Not only are they known to use ants, they use fruit peels and mothballs for the same purpose. Birds have been observed scratching open anthills, then squatting in them with their wings outspread, letting the ants crawl all over them. Wherever they are observed doing this sort of thing, it is obvious they are enjoying themselves.

Nobody seems to know why they do it. Some researchers claim it is a way of getting rid of other parasites. There are others who believe that the birds are merely finding it a pleasant way of passing time. What do you think is the reason?



Foster Mother

By Margaret Westover

GRETCHEN, our miniature dachshund, never had any puppies of her own; but this did not discourage her from getting ready, just in case some babies should appear. Periodically, she would become obsessed with making a nest. She would rearrange her rug, plump her pillow again and again, or better yet, crumple a billowing heap of newspaper, into which she could disappear altogether. During these times, she changed from a tough little black hoyden to a demure lady, fussy about her food, ignoring invitations to her usual rough and tumble play. Clearly, she felt that she was in a most interesting condition for which she was prepared, complete with a good supply of milk. When no takers materialized, she soon returned to her usual self, until the maternal urge again overtook her.

It was amusing but rather sad, too, to see the repeated activities of this determined little would-be-mother, but in her fourth year, Gretchen finally came into her own.

Our neighbors' collie bore four lively

puppies and immediately fell critically ill. She had to be taken to the hospital, leaving her helpless, hungry offsprings orphaned, so to speak, from birth. Her owner and I undertook round-the-clock feeding with eyedroppers. After the first night, all four babies were covered with misdirected formula and crying pitifully from hunger, colic, or both, and we were in nearly as bad condition. In desperation, we turned to Gretchen, who happened to be in the "plenty of milk" part of her maternal cycle. If she would take just one puppy, it would reduce our work by one quarter. If she actually knew anything about being a mother, she'd undoubtedly do a much better job than we could.

Shades of glorious fulfillment! Gretchen was in her favorite spot on the den divan, when the sticky, crying little collie was presented. She cleaned him carefully. She cleaned her own little abdomen until it was rosy. Then she pulled him close to nurse. When his stomach bulged, as a puppy's should, she rolled him with an expert paw until he burped and sank into

sound slumber.

Since the little dachshund was so knowledgeable, we tried changing off, giving her a different puppy each time, while we fed and (having learned from observation) burped the other three. Gretchen didn't care. Just as long as a puppy came to be fed and cleaned and burped, she was perfectly content. Soon, she would get on the divan on schedule, wash herself thoroughly, and then stretch out on her side in readiness for a foster child. If one were slow in appearing, she would repeat the entire wash job, as if the delay might be caused by her not being quite clean enough yet. We sometimes wondered if her little tongue would hold out until those babies were weaned. But it did and she did, and a finer, fatter quartet of puppies you never saw.

So there you have it—the story of a foster mother, dachshund style. And a satisfying one it was—for us, for the collies, and apparently for Gretchen, because she never got ready to be a mother again.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Since January 1, 1960, the general subscription rate to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** has been \$2.00 per year. Single copies — 20¢ each.

A sliding scale of prices for bulk orders will be as follows, and apply only when the number of subscriptions indicated are sent in at the same time:

1 - 4 Subscriptions — \$2.00 each
5 - 24 Subscriptions — \$1.50 each
25 - 49 Subscriptions — \$1.25 each
50 - 99 Subscriptions — \$1.00 each
100 Subscriptions and over —
\$.75 each

DAILY showers and the customary Saturday night ablution keeps the average person socially acceptable. However, for a dog an occasional bath is an aid to good health and cleanliness, but it can be overdone. Even in sticky weather bathing a dog more often than once a month may dry his coat and irritate his skin.

Most dogs, except the very short-haired dogs have two coats, the long outer coat and the short inner coat. These two coats combined afford protection to the dog's body against temperature changes from season to season.

If your pet has a heavy outer coat, resist all temptation to clip it "for his own good" during the dog days. His undercoat sheds in preparation for summer heat; what's left on top is needed to shield his sensitive skin from sunburn and insect onslaught.

The importance of daily brushing can't be overestimated. Not only does it increase the thickness and luster of the coat; it keeps him comfortable and helps control shedding. Brushing with a stiff brush cleans the coat of foreign matter and dirt. A stiff brush and a wide toothed comb do the job for long coats — short coated dogs can be brushed with a folded rough cloth.

Climate has an effect on a dog's coat. Dampness will lengthen and coarsen the outer coat. The skin seems to have considerable power to vary the density of its protective coats of hair. Dogs normally associated with a warm climate region seem to develop a thicker coat when they are placed in a colder climate, and dogs from a cold climate region seem to grow a thinner coat when placed

in a warmer climate. Heredity, however, evidently puts a limitation on this type of coat development. Thus, it is up to the owner to be aware of the importance of his pet's coat and to maintain a watchful eye on its conditions and growth. In cold weather, when the risk of cold infection exists frequent brushing is far better than bathing.

Puppies require special attention. They should not be bathed at all until after they're had their permanent inoculations against distemper and infectious hepatitis. This cannot be emphasized too strongly. In bathing a young dog, it's very important to keep him warm until completely dry. In bad weather confine him from 24 hours to 48 hours. An older dog can "take it" better, but it's still essential to keep him warm until thoroughly dry. In cold weather your pet should be given his bath in a warm room and kept indoors for several hours after being thoroughly dried.

In washing your dog any good germicidal soap is satisfactory, but care should be used to keep the soapy water out of the dog's eyes and ears. Rinse your dog until every particle of soap is cleared from the skin and coat. The dog should be rubbed thoroughly dry with rough towels and particular care should be taken to dry the ears and feet of your pet.

If your dog is long-haired and leads a rugged out-door life, coming home looking like a coal man, he'll need bathing fairly often. On the other hand if your dog is a lap dog who is seldom out of doors and has little opportunity to become dirty, a bath every six months should suffice. If his coat gives off an odor try wiping him down with a towel moistened with scented

To Bathe, Or Not To Bathe

By **Albert C. Governor**

Book Review

THOUSAND ACRE MARSH, Dudley Commett Lunt, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1959. 173 pages. \$3.75.

MR. LUNT has selected "a span of remembrance" for his subtitle. This is an apt description of the contents. He has produced word pictures of occurrence and scenes that richly fill his memory — a memory that for over half a century has been storing treasures, now shared with his readers.

His musing should evoke nostalgia in all who have watched formations of geese and waterfowl winging overhead, witnessed the surf crashing ashore after a storm, or heard the cries of the red-wings at sunset.

The descriptions recorded by Mr. Lunt demonstrate his ability to transform his impressions of things into words. Even a total stranger to marsh and woodland would develop in his mind's eye an accurate image of the scenes discussed. The reader can almost detect the tang of salt air or the unmistakable odor of decaying vegetation. . . . D. A. R.

alcohol. There are also excellent commercial preparations on the market for cleaning a dog between baths.

In passing it is worthwhile to mention that fleas are best removed with a powder or rinse specially manufactured for use on dogs (other types of preparations may poison your pet when he licks himself) and a fine flea comb. Delay on your part may cause your dog to bite or scratch himself into a case of eczema.

Remember to brush daily and bathe occasionally depending on your dogs activities and the weather conditions of the season. Actually your dog's bath needn't be an ordeal. If a puppy learns to enjoy his daily grooming and occasional baths you won't have to rout him out from his hiding place for future dunkings and brushings.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Out In Front

By Harold Severson

He struts down the sidewalk

like he owns the town.

A cat that leads like a dog!



Spady takes the initiative.

FOR the past five year motorists have been rubbing their eyes and doing a double take when they spot a cat strolling down the sidewalk next to highway 52.

Not that a strolling cat is anything unusual. Rather, it's because this one does his walking at the end of a leash.

Spady, a five-year-old battler with tiger markings, is a veteran of innumerable savage alley fights. He's participated in so many that his owner, Vernon Bubier, has put him on a leash. That means an afternoon stroll down Pine Island's residential streets is a must since cats need exercise.

That's where all the publicity has developed.

"Cats like to roam at night and sleep in the day time," Bubier explains.

"When you keep them locked up all night, it means they must be exercised. I put Spady on a leash and judging from the way people are asking questions, it must be an unusual sight."

Bubier says he can figure each day on at least one car stopping and the occupants piling out to ask about the leashed cat.

"They usually ask if he was hard to train," Bubier says. "Well, I started training him when he was young. He leads just like a dog. Sometimes he does get a little sulky but for the most part he struts down the sidewalk like he owned the town."

Several people have tried to buy the cat. "One man hauled out his wallet and offered me \$25 for him," Bubier says, "Why, I wouldn't any more dream of selling Spady than a parent would think of selling a child. Mrs. Bubier and I like cats ever so much."

Several tourists have taken pictures of Spady accompanied by Mr. Bubier.

"Spady'll be putting on airs with all this publicity," Bubier chuckles. He'll be expecting cream three times daily."

Spady's badly mauled ears offer mute testimony to the fact he's been involved in some spectacular fights. A veterinarian had to do a mending job just the other day.

"Spady's small but he sure knows how to fight," his owner says. "A small cat can lick a big one most any day."

"Treat a cat right," Bubier says, "he's gentle and affectionate. When abused, he just picks up and leaves."

WOUND UP
By Jim Williams



1.



2.



3.



4.

August, 1960



The YOUNG

Do you love animals? Then don't miss:
CRITTER CORNER
WHERE: Channel 4, WBZ-TV
WHEN: Every Saturday morning, 9:00 to 9:45 a.m.
WHO: John Macfarlane, host, and
 an assortment of fascinating animal friends.
EVEN YOUR PETS WILL LIKE IT!



*I know that Chum reflects my moods
 For I have found it true,
 When I am sad he's real downcast
 But when I'm glad he's happy too.*

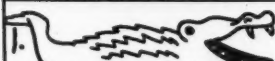
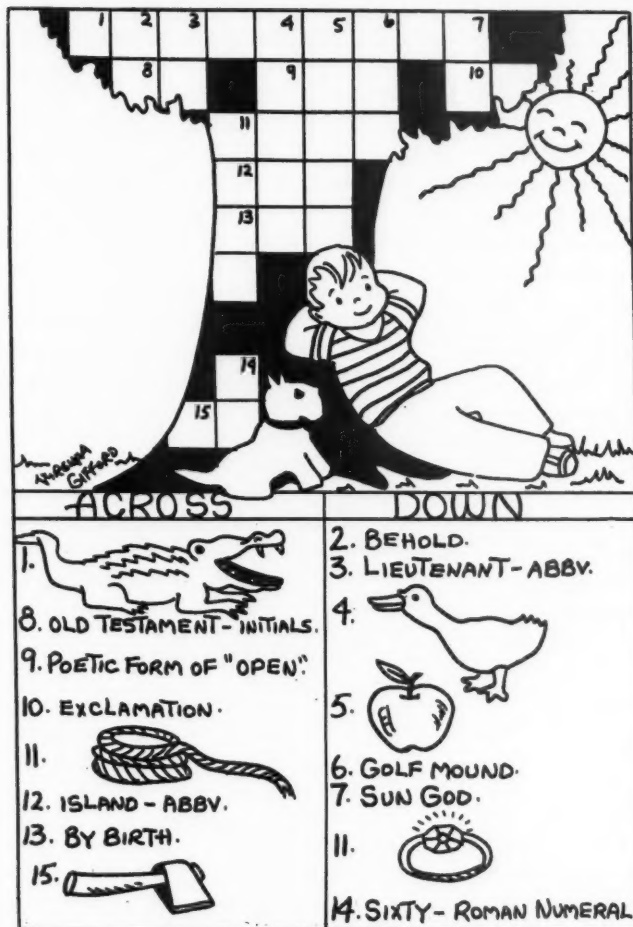
—Edna Markham

**FOLLOW THE DOTS
 BE VERY NEAT
 YOU CAN HELP BO-PEEP
 FIND HER LOST SHEEP.**



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

READER'S Pages



8. OLD TESTAMENT - INITIALS.

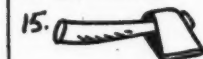
9. POETIC FORM OF "OPEN".

10. EXCLAMATION.



12. ISLAND - ABBY.

13. BY BIRTH.



2. BEHOLD.
3. LIEUTENANT - ABBY.



6. GOLF MOUND.

7. SUN GOD.



14. SIXTY - ROMAN NUMERAL.

Pen-Pals Unlimited

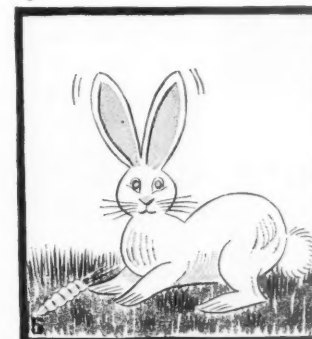
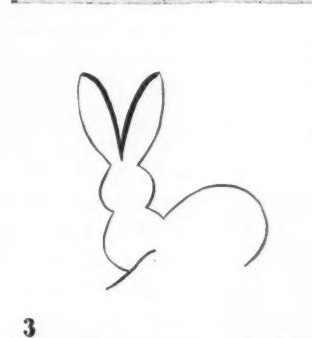
ATENTION! All vacationing junior high and high schoolers! Animals Pen-Pal Club has members of many countries between the ages of twelve to eighteen who are anxious to write to you in English or in their own language. This summer extend your circle of friends to include at least one boy or girl, one young man or young woman from another country. This can be a practical application of your recent language studies. Perhaps in the near future you may even exchange visits instead of letters. Geographical knowledge of this world is very important in this jet age. The time barrier has been surmounted. Let us surmount the language barrier.

Write: ANIMALS Pen-Pal Club, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

August, 1960

Animalines

By Mario DeMarco



Bee-ology

By Virginia J. Porter

*Algernon, a curious pup,
Smelling of a buttercup—
On a little nature spree
Found late the nature of the bee.*

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: Across—1. alligator, 8. O.T., 9. ape, 10. ah, 11. rope, 12. isl, 13. nec, 15. axe. Down—1. lo, 3. Lt., 4. goose, 5. apple, 6. tee, 7. Ra, 11. ring, 14. IX.

Readers on Review



THE girl in each picture is Vernetta Papka. She is about 18 years old and "Stubby" the family pet is still living and is still the favorite pet of the Papka family. "Stubby" does not see or hear very well but recognizes friends coming to their house . . . *Sent in by The Oswald Swansons of South Dakota.*



THESE two tabbies are concentrating on an unseen something that has just been prepared by their mistress, Miss Emma Poland, of Massachusetts. Is it lunch?

18

Out of the Past



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Vol. 1 Boston, Mar. 2, 1869 No. 10

Convert, Not Convict

OUR purpose is to convince the people that kind treatment of animals is not only a duty, but good policy, and we have no desire to make prosecutions when other measures will suffice. But we must use the law enough to convince men that the law exists, and especially when remonstrance fails. We know well that when a man is convinced that he is addicted to cruel practices, and is willing to abandon them, greater victory is obtained than by a conviction before a court; and yet some men seem to prefer to force us into the latter course. It is a melancholy fact that the only apparent road to some men's sympathies or sense of justice is through their pockets, and when a man, in the treatment of animals, becomes a brute himself,—gives way to his passions and forgets mercy,—we feel that "fine and costs" are the words most potent with him, and upon this policy we must act. And yet it does not lessen our regret that we cannot so present the beauty of humanity and the deformity of cruelty as to avoid placing ourselves in seeming antagonism to the right of interests of any more.

July's Cover

CREDIT should be given to one of our dear friends, Mrs. Ellis Little of Massachusetts, for the very striking cover of our magazine for the month of July. This particular photo was taken near a ranch outside of Reno, Nevada. The filigreed effect made by the sunlight shining through the branches of the gnarled, ancient trees, seems to heighten the ageless relationship of a child for a dog. The trees are unpotted, unpruned, fig trees.

Our Rural American Youth

John C. Macfarlane, Director of Live-stock Conservation for the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., recently played host to the Future Farmers of America of 4 school areas: Norfolk, Bristol, Essex and Wachusett Counties. "Boom Town", a WBZ-TV attraction, programmed 3 hours of station time, which was devoted to explanations and demonstrations on gentle handling of livestock animals and the use of the step-type ramp among other things. Forty-five animals, including cattle, calves, sheep, goats, swine and poultry, as well as fifty students participated in this program.

The Future Farmers of America is the national organization of, by and for boys studying vocational agriculture in public high schools of America. Organized in November, 1928, it has served to motivate and vitalize the systematic instruction offered to students of vocational agriculture and to provide further training in rural citizenship and leadership.

According to Mr. Macfarlane, this is the first time any station has devoted a total of three hours to the subject of livestock conservation, as such.

Poisonous Sprays

MANY pet animals, as well as songbirds, may be unwittingly poisoned through the use of poisonous weed and garden sprays and certain fertilizers.

All persons are cautioned to read the labels of weed killers and garden sprays carefully and use with caution.

Dogs and cats frequently eat grass on which sprays or weed killers have fallen, and the cat's habit of washing its feet may also lead to serious poisoning.

It is also now well established that some of the insect killers are deadly to songbirds. After weed killers or fertilizers have been used, one should wait for a soaking rain, or water thoroughly with a hose before pet animals are allowed to walk on the area so treated.

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by-

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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Please send check or money order to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Our bound volumes make very fine gifts for the animal lovers who seem to have everything!

Nature Recreation

Dr. William G. Vinal's book, **NATURE RECREATION** is full of good humane philosophy with regard to the out-of-doors, as well as a program of ideas, and sources for further free or inexpensive materials.

This book will fill the often stated demand of teachers, Junior Humane Societies, Scout leaders, camps and clubs for an inexpensive guide for outdoor activities.

Selling for \$3.50 each, **NATURE RECREATION** may be secured by writing to the Wildlife and Conservation Department, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

Valley Bank And Trust Company

Springfield, Massachusetts

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DID you ever notice how thrilled a child is to receive something though the mail addressed to him?

Any youngster would be delighted to receive a subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** as a birthday or "just because" present. Why not send in your order now and make some child happy? See the back cover for a convenient order form. Take advantage of the 2 year offer at only \$3.50.

MOVING?—Don't miss a single copy of *Our Dumb Animals*. Send your new address together with the address label from your last copy to the Circulation Manager at least *five weeks* in advance. Or, if you prefer, there is a convenient card for this purpose (Form 22-S) available at your post office.



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